

















FURNY ANIMALS

Volume 14, Number 85

Published binounthly by Charlton Comies Group, Executive office and office of publication, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Brite Derby, Conn. Price per copy 10c. Subscription 12 issues, §1.20. Copyright 1984 by Charlton Comies Group.

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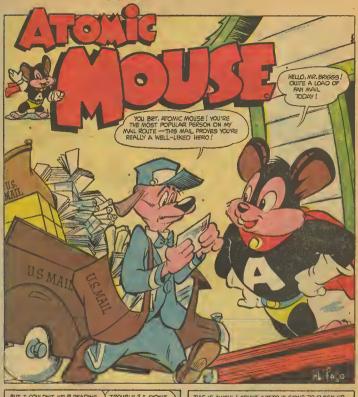






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HOPPY GETS' HIS WISH ---



















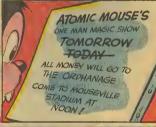


































# NOAH'S LARK

It was June 10th in Happy Farest, and the noise of the hurrying citizens could be heard cleor over in Rock Canyon. Everyane was, of course, moking ready for the annual Happy Forest Children's Picnic. No one ever missed that picnic — of least none of the Happy Forest kids did.

Mother Beover was busy baking all the ples that would be eaten, while Mother Rabbit was preparing dazens and dazens of hard-boiled eggs. Fram the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Chipmunk and the Bears and the Squirrel family, other delicious cooking smells came. Every year on Happy Forest Picnic Day, all the Forest mothers joined hands in cooking — one family cooked the weiners, while another took charge of making all the pickles. That way labor was divided up equally among the Forest mothers; then the food was pooled together for all to oot.

The fathers of Hoppy Forest didn't have it easy either, since they had the job of getting the children ready to ga. Cleaning eors and faces took time — and resulted in some of the noises heard coming from Happy Forest when the little animals objected to the soapy cloths.

But as you can see, this was no ordinary picalc day — It was a day when all would board Uncle Noah's ferryboat far a special trip to Noah's Island. It meant a day af swimming and. ploying on a beautiful, forested island, and a boat trip two woys. Not a child in Happy Forest was sick this doy! Everyone was ready to ga by ten a'clack in the morning, and the food, was ready too. Uncle Noah had the steam up in his ferryboat and was toking a few praclice toots an his steam whistle.

Mather Rabbit's house was the scene of the gothering; from here the picnic would get underway, with Fother Rabbit leading all the little farest animals to Uncle Nooh's ferryboat.

And then it happened! Thunder was heard! And the sky began clouding up in a dark way which assured roin! Roin an Happy Forest Picnic Day! But it dlan't motter to the little animals at all! They were just saying to each other while gathored autside the Rabbit House... but let's listen!

"Gee whiz!" said Billy Beover, "I've been woiting for this picnic all yeor, and naw it looks like it's going to go and rain and spoil everything!" "My father will got us there, you'll see!" soid little Peter Rabbit proudly.

"We'll go, rain ar no roln!" charused the dozens of little animals gathered autside the Robbit home.

But inside the Rabblt hame, different ideas were rising. Mrs. Rabbit hod just finished answering the telephono for the 11th limo, when it rang agoin. She picked up the receiver and said.

"Hello? Oh, it's you, Ars. Beaver! Whet? If it roins, dan't let little Billy go an the picnle? Well, all right, Ars. Beaver, I'll toll Mr. Rabbit about it! All the Farest mothers have been colling me this morning, ever since the thunder begon!"

Mr. Robbit sot glumly at the kitchen table, listening to his wife on the telephone. It wauld be his job to tell tho children the picnic would be off, looking aut the window, he saw tho first drops of grey rain coming down, Yes, there was no doubt about it now, it would rain before they could get to Uncle Noah's ferryboot. Oh, gloom! How could he tell them!

Mrs. Rabbit confirmed his worst thoughts when she hung up the telephane ance again.

"It looks like none of the mothers think their children should go an the picnic now that it's begun ta rain," she said saidy. "And they were counting on it so much!"

"I think I feel worse than they do!" soid Mr. Rabbit. "I have to tell them they can't go!"

Mr. Robbit braced himself for what he had to do and started for the shed, where all the little animals had gathered.

"Hello, children!" Mr. Rnbbit greeted the animals as he entered the raamy woodshed, "I have something to tell you! Uh -"

"Is it a story? Are you going to tell us a story before we go on the picnic?" asked Monk Mink.

"That's a swell ideal" seconded Chester Chipmunk. "We con start the day with a good old stary from Mr. Rabbit before we go on the picnic! No old rain can stop us, huh, gang!"

"No," they all shouted, "who cares about the rain!"

Welt, you can see that Mr. Rabbit had a problem on his honds. How to tell the little animals that the big picnic was called off after all their plans! Mr. Rabbit looked at all the eager little faces staring up ot him expectantly, and then he decided on a plan. He wouldn't

tell them they couldn't go on the picnic! But wait and see, dear reader; Mr. Rabbit, as you know, is a very smart rabbit, and not harebrained, like some.

"All right," he said, "I will tell you a story! And it's a story that took place on this same day many, many years ago, before any of you were barn! It was a day for the annual picnic, and at that time Grandpa Noah owned not only a huge ferrybaat, but a park to boot. He called his park Noah's Park, naturally enough, and he had a huge banner over his ferryboat which read "NOAH'S pARK."

"Well, kids," Mr. Rabbit went on, as the little animals listened with quiet but full interest, "from a distance, that sign only showed the capital letters, so that is said NOAH'S ARK. It was really something, was that big boat; it had a big broad deck, and on the deck old Grandpa Noah had built what loaked like a hause, so that when it rained all the animals could keep dry while on his boat.

"Came the day of the picnic, and it was my old Uncle Fudley's jab to get the kids to the boat, just like it's my job to escort you kids

today. And you know somethin?"

"What!" screeched little Oscar Owl, and all the other animals laughed at his huge curiosity -- he was so curious he fell off his perch when he yetled.

Mr. Rabbit went on, "It was the same kind of a day then! It began to rain! And the rain didn't seem bad enough to spoil a picnic, at least as far as the little animals were cancerned! The porents didn't want the Mile animals to go, but the kids insisted, so old Uncle Fudley got them all down to the boat. There was little Mary and Bill Beaver, and Chuck and Martha Hedgehog, and even I was there with Mrs. Rabbit - of course we were just kids in those days!"

"Gee!" geed little Billy Beaver, "those are my folks he's talking about!"

"And mine!" said Hector Hedgehog.

"Yes." said Mr. Rabbit, "there were two of every animal in Happy Forest an Noah's boat,

and many of them were your folks!

"Well, we started out in a mild drizzle, but we didn't mind because we were all warm and snug in the cabin on the deck of the baat. Then the rain came up hard! Oh, my, but did it rain! We were headed for Noah's Island, but it was raining so hard Grandpa Noah just couldn't see to steer his boat! Time passed, and it became afternoon, sa we ate our lunch-

"A few wise ones, mainly old Oscar Owl, wha was a youngster then, and Freddy Fax, saved part of their lunches for later. And that was a smart move!"

"Why?" asked little Peter Rabbit,

"Because it rained and rained for four days and faur nights, that's why! We were lost in that rain far all that time, and all we had to eat was scraps from our lunches! I can tell you we got mighty hungry!" said Mr. Rabbit.

"Wow!" exclaimed Tommy Turtle, "That makes me hungry thinking about it!" He broke aut a hard-boiled egg from his bosket and started nibbling of it. "But what happened

then!" he asked.

"I was wishing we'd never started!" said Mr. Rabbit, "On the third day we finally spotted Naah's Island through the mist, but by that time none of us were feeling like having a picnic, I remember the words of old Grandpa Noah exactly!

" 'This is no picnic!' he said. And he was right! We decided to forget that picnic party, I can tell youl And if we'd used common sense and pastponed the picnic In the beginning we'd never have had that trouble. We were mighty glad to get back to our dry warm homes in Happy Forestl Mighty hoppy, indeed!"

Just as Mr. Robbit was finishing his story, he noticed that Mrs. Rabbit was standing in the doorway. She had heard the story, and she called him aver to her. The little animals were all very quiet, thinking about Mr. Rabbit's story, as he went to talk to Mrs. Rabbit.

"You didn't tell them they couldn't go on the picnic, did you?" she asked kindly. She knew he had a soft heart and hated to tell people things that would hurt their feelings in any way.

"No," Mr. Rabbit said, "but just watch what happens!"

And then he asked, "Well, kiddies, who's ready to go on the annual picnical guess we can make it through this rain now!"

Silence greeted him. Then little Bunty Rabbit spoke up. "Not me, Pop!" he shouted, "I'm gaing to have my picnic lunch right here!"

"Me, tool" echoed Billy Beaver, "You're not going to see me get caught in ony old roin! I'm smarter than that!"

"Us, tool" chorused all the little animals, and they opened up their lunches hoppily.

As Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit walked back to their house, under an umbrella, that is, they heard the happy noises of children at games and at eating. It looked like it was going to be a happy picnic day after all, and the children and the porents would both be happy.

"You never told me you had on Uncle Fudley," said Mrs. Rabbit, curiously.

"I dan't!" said Mr. Rabbit, and with a twinkle in his eye, he added, "but I haven't the heart to tell them that either!"

The End















































































































































































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